

Continuous
Ken Browning
Since 1962

Volume 69, Number 26

The Daily Reamer

MIT
Cambridge
Massachusetts

February 2, 1977

up
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butt

OUTSIDE

MIT President Ken Browning '66 announced today that the Institute's Cambridge campus would move immediately to a spacious suburban tract in Wazoo, Mich. Said Browning, "Classes will not be disrupted, since the move will be made on a long weekend."

The MIT Schedules Office announced today that the third of March will follow directly after the second of the month. The decision, reached at a closed meeting of the Scheduling Staff, was a shock to many, including President Jerry Wiesner, who said that he was "outraged by this presumption of calendarization," and that "the decision was a clear example of administrative *non sequitur*."

Australian press magnate Rupert Murdoch has failed in his efforts to enter the Cambridge newspaper scene. *The Daily Reamer* learned today.

Negotiations between the international news lord and *The Tech*, MIT's oldest and most prestigious journal, broke down after Murdoch called Leonard Toad's final offer of one rock and two dead birds "overstating your worth, turkey poofah." Toad declined to comment. Murdoch is reported to be looking at offers from the *Boston University Exposure*, *Tech Talk*, and the *Boston Evening Transcript*.

The MIT Dining Service today announced that the price of Commons will be decreased by over 40 per cent next year. However, a \$3.50 cover charge will be collected at the door to defray rising costs.

President Jimmy Carter told the press yesterday that he would seek legislation making the peanut the official food of the US. When asked to comment, Special Advisor Ken Browning '66 said that "peanut butter would have been a better choice, but it would have been up the butt."

Secretary of Defense Harold Brown reported Monday that unless Americans stop consuming hot fudge at the near-record rate of the previous three months, American forces overseas will be denied sundae for at least three years.

VERITAS

In the last issue of *The Daily Reamer*, it was correctly reported that F. Lee Menand, head of the Institute Committee on Humility, said that "the writing program blows goats." *The Reamer* regrets the accuracy.

Dinner party interrupted

Half of Cambridge leveled in blast

By Keith Roberts

President Jerome Weasel's semi-annual administration dinner party was cut short Monday night when an atomic explosion rocked the Cambridge countryside and leveled the stately, ivy-covered residence on Memorial Drive.

The only known survivor of the blast was Associate Dean for Student Affairs Kenneth Browning '66, who threw himself on the bomb only moments before it exploded in an attempt to save the other guests' lives, then miraculously walked away unscathed.

While dormitories and campus buildings on the west side of Mass. Ave. were largely unaffected by the cataclysm, nothing east of the avenue and south of City Hall remained standing. Acting Chancellor Browning announced that students at the Sloan School of Management, obliterated by the holocaust, would receive tuition refunds.

A spokesman at the MIT Center for Atomic Research, while expressing regret that Harvard was left unscathed by the blast, confirmed that Browning had asked the Center to "loan" him the device for the evening, and that scientists, although finding the request unusual, decided to allow the bomb's removal.

"It's generally not the smartest thing to take live nuclear weaponry out onto the street," Prof. Buck Turgidson explained, "but when Ken Browning talks, people listen," he shrugged.

Browning, when pressed for an



US National Guard troops attempt to keep the peace after atomic disaster obliterates southeast Cambridge

explanation as to why he requested the 150-pound warhead, angrily replied, "No comment," adding that as of tomorrow all campus newspapers would be required to cease operation except for *The Daily Reamer*, where Browning would assume his former role of Chairperson.

According to witnesses, Browning left the LSC showing of "Dr. Strangelove" at 9:15pm, explaining to friends that he had to rush in order to get to Weasel's dinner party. MIT's new President then darted to his 1977 pink Cadillac

Eldorado, parked outside 111 Memorial Drive, hoisted out the warhead, and entered the President's mansion. Fifteen minutes later, half of Cambridge was blown away, victim to the tragic accident.

Browning, while expressing regret that he would not be able to serve as President Carter's Undersecretary of Housing and Urban Development (HUD), said that he welcomed the challenge of running both the Institute and the city of Cambridge at the same time. Browning will take the oath

for Cambridge Mayor tonight, only two days after the late Alfred Vellucci submitted his resignation due to health reasons.

Harvard President Derek Bok, upon learning of Browning's apparent surge to power, expressed great dismay, adding that he would never "knuckle under to the demands of that maniac."

Bok was admitted to Mt. Auburn Hospital last night with what doctors termed an "unknown bacterial infection." Bok is presently in "grave and worsening" condition.

Associate dean charged with conspiracy

Associate Dean for Student Affairs Kenneth Browning '66 and six MIT physical plant workers, all of Cuban descent, were arrested Saturday afternoon in the Hyatt Regency Cambridge Hotel and charged with conspiracy to demean a luxury lodging establishment.

A source close to the MIT Housing Office informed the *Daily Reamer* that Browning and his cohorts were attempting to investigate the hotel's suitability as a possible student dormitory.

The seven burglars, dubbed "the Engineers," were apprehended by Hyatt Regency

security guard Frank W. Olivieri in the act of taking pictures, installing electronic surveillance devices, and stealing hotel towels. Authorities traced the linen to a laundry cleaning service in Acapulco, Mexico.

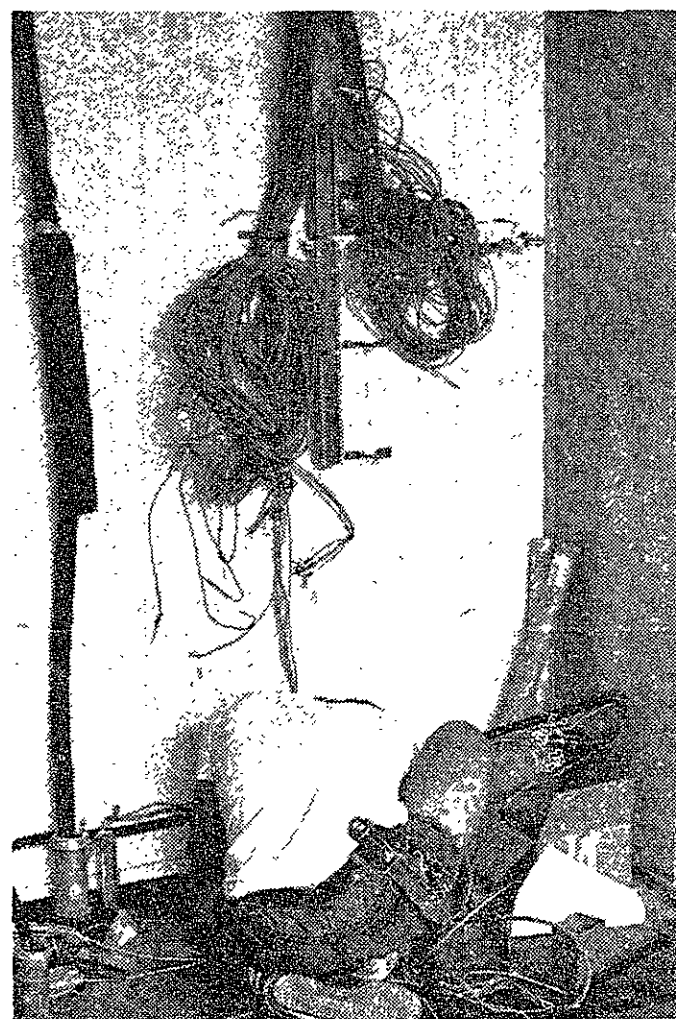
The seven apparently gained access to the building by walking

to the front desk and requesting a room "with seven double beds," according to an eyewitness who asked not to be identified. The witness (Paul Gray, MIT Room 3-208, 253-1525) told the *Reamer* that the group presented their American Express cards, signed the guest register, and ascended to the fifth floor by way of the glass-enclosed elevator under cover of daylight.

Efforts by a former CIA informant, Gino Brammarino, to initiate a cover-up to stop the scandal from spreading past the Dean's Office failed when MIT President Jerome B. Weasel refused to cooperate. "I told Jerry that it would take at least one million dollars to keep the burglars from squealing and another million to keep the *Reamer* from running the story," said Gray, "and he said, 'we could always raise tuition another \$500, but it would be wrong.'"

Browning refused to comment on the allegations against him, although he did admit that he had hired famous trial attorney F. Lee Menand to handle his case. Menand was quoted as saying that this particular defense "was in the marvelous penumbra of cases normally referred to as criminal law."

Weasel, claiming innocence in the affair, boldly appointed Kimball Jaworski as Special Prosecutor, asserting that Jaworski had "full permission to take the case as far as necessary to effect justice."



An AT&T worker repairs telephone lines damaged by Hyatt-Regency "Engineers" who checked cables for possible inclusion into dormline system



CIA operative Gino Brammarino watches Browning and "Engineers" from inconspicuous hiding place in Hyatt Regency Cambridge Hotel tree

ken browning

Browning released; all charges dropped

By Were I. Woodward and Glenn Bernstein

A Cambridge Grand Jury has cleared Associate Dean for Student Affairs Ken Browning '66 of all charges stemming from last Saturday's arrests at the Hyatt Regency Cambridge Hotel, despite overwhelming evidence that Browning was directly responsible for both the hotel incident and the ensuing abortive cover-up.

In a statement to the press, Browning, speaking through his lawyer, F. Lee Menand of Har-

vard Law School, declared that "I am happy and relieved that this case has been concluded favorably, so that I can now attend to more important matters which weigh heavily on the Dean's Office and on the safety of the free world."

Special Prosecutor Jaworski announced that "the entire Regency scandal was an error." He denied allegations that his wife and children had been tortured in an apparently successful attempt to force him to forego the investigation.



Ken Browning jokes with attorneys after being cleared of charges relating to Saturday's Hyatt Regency hotel break-in

MIT dean named to HUD

By Rupert Murdoch

In an attempt to restore public confidence in the integrity and honesty of MIT Associate Dean for Student Affairs Kenneth Browning, President Jimmy

Carter Monday morning appointed the leader of the seven Hyatt-Regency "Engineers" as Under-Secretary of Housing and Urban Development for crowded living.

The surprise move, coming as it did on the heels of the biggest scandal ever to hit the Institute, caught everyone, including Browning, off-guard. "I'm really pleased," commented Browning, in a rare display of coherence. "It's flattering promotion and a great opportunity to overrowd the entire country and raise the rents of 200 million Americans."

MIT officials were ecstatic at the prospect of Browning moving to Washington. "It's really terrific to see him go," said one. "We've all been waiting for someone to recognize his potential and take him away from us," he added.

"This ends an era of MIT housing," announced President Jerome Weasel in a statement to the press. "Before Browning arrived on the scene, our undergraduates had plenty of room to eat and sleep and could — believe it or not — afford to pay their bills. Browning, being the great administrator that he is, changed all that. We'll all miss Ken, and I'm confident that he'll do a fine job screwing up the rest of the country."

Patricia Harris, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, was reported to be the main force behind the Browning appointment. "I was really impressed by the way he made life miserable for everybody at MIT," she told the UPI. "There's no doubt that he's incompetent enough for me."



Newly appointed HUD Undersecretary Ken Browning '66 beams for photographers moments after President Carter's news conference

Browning alumnus of century

By Jody Powell

Former *Daily Reamer* Business Manager and Chairperson Kenneth Browning '66 was named "alumnus of the century" by a special blue-ribbon alumni commission and was awarded the Medal of Freedom by President Carter Monday afternoon.

Browning, who most recently served as Associate Dean for Student Affairs at MIT before being appointed Under-Secretary of HUD, was cited by the alumni commission as "the man who epitomizes redundancy and ineptitude" and by the President as "an executive who has done the most to restore open spaces to the American landscape by packing thousands of people into an amazingly small area."

The Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian award, was awarded to Browning in a ceremony at his home in Beverly Hills, Calif. The award was accepted for Browning, who could not be present, by his close friend, former sumo wrestler, Tigerlilli Lefkowitz, who told the crowd that "Cupcake is pleased as punch to receive this honor."

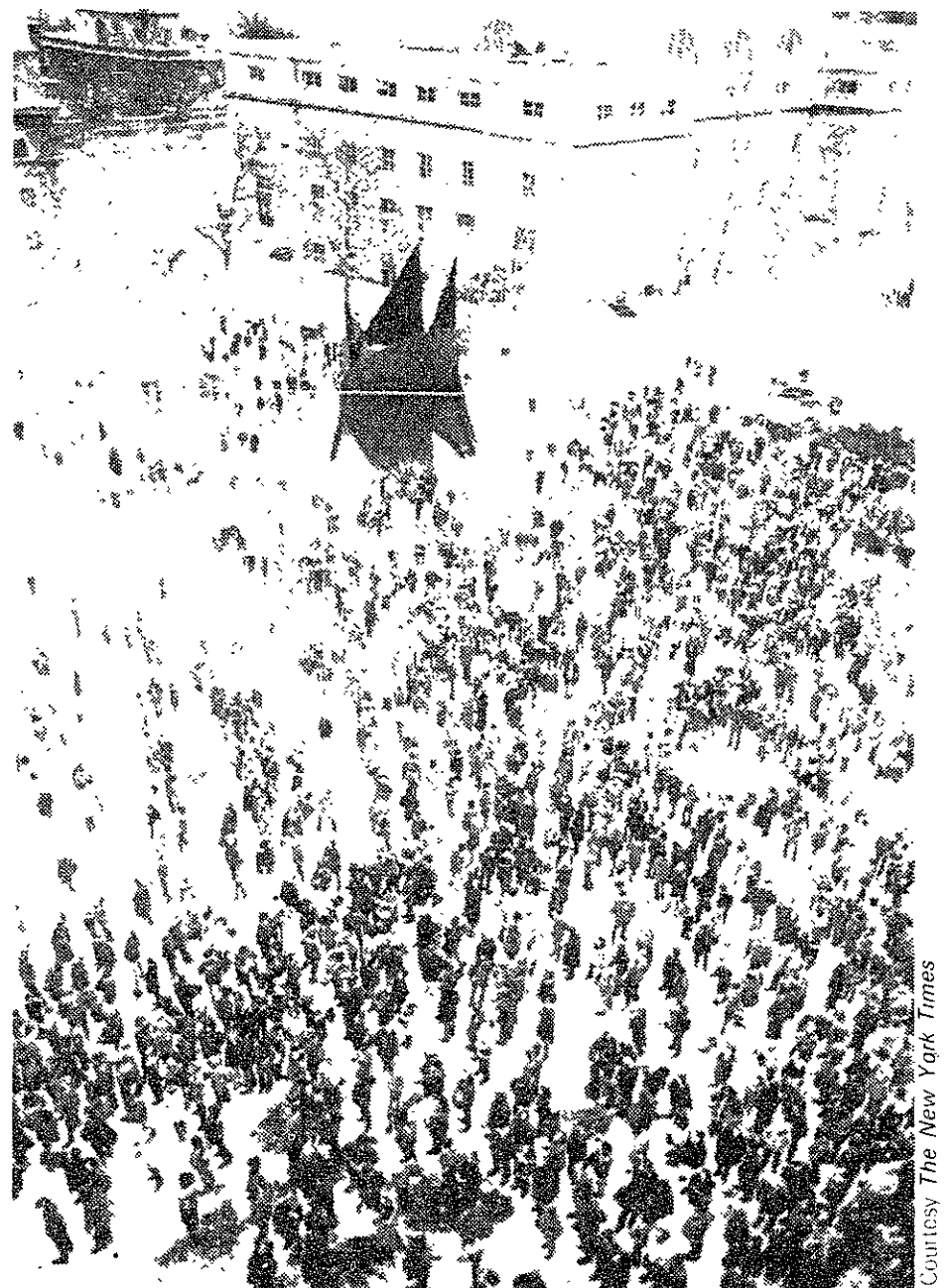
The alumni commission selected Browning as alumnus of the century in what was described by sources close to the group as a "surprise move." The millionaire socialite narrowly squeaked by the late Vannevar Bush, the delayed James R. Killian, Jr., and Boston newspaper columnist Francis W. Sargent.

Browning, who had been vacationing in the Bahamas, was greeted upon his return to Boston's Logan airport by an estimated 76,000 admirers, including the entire MIT student body, Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Governor Dukakis, and former Cambridge Mayor Alfred Vellucci, who resigned Monday for undisclosed reasons of health. Browning is expected to take over the post later this evening.

"This is a great moment for me," cried Browning, bursting into a flood of tears. He paused for ninety minutes and then concluded "Tigerlilli and I ask for your help and for God's." He claimed later that he and the rotund Miss Lefkowitz were "just friends."

After accepting the key to the

city of Boston and the key to 7-105, the hero of millions was whisked downtown by helicopter where he posed for pictures, signed autographs, and walked across Boston Harbor.



Thousands of loyal admirers brave sub-zero temperatures and gale force winds to see Ken Browning '66, who made a brief visit to the Institute before being whisked away to a waiting helicopter to take him to the Vatican for a private audience with the Pope

Do you want to make
\$1 Million in 10 minutes?

Just look on the other
side of this ad for details.

What was Ken Browning's major?

How old is MIT's favorite dean?

If you can't answer these questions you should be reading:

The Ken Browning News
published in *The Daily Reamer*

Every week*, you'll get all the news of our most famous alumnus, written by some of America's most infamous journalists. Our carefully calculated rates are below.

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Wed 2 Feb 1976

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*The *Daily Reamer* has the worst record of regular publication in journalistic history! And we're proud of it!
**Because you S.O.B.'s won't pay. NO CREDIT!



ken browning cont.

man in the news

Kenneth Browning: the All-American boy

By Doris Kearns

One of the most significant years in American History was 1944. The Allies landed in Normandy on D-Day. FDR was elected to his fourth term. And Ken Browning was born in Wazoo, Michigan.

Even in the hospital nursery, Browning was a leader of men, his mother asserts in her autobiography, *The Lou Gehrig Story*. "Little Kenny was just great back then with the children. He would arrange them, six babies in each crib, and got the hospital to serve Ranch-style Gerbers."

Through elementary school the HUD Secretary-to-be developed his amazing skills even further. His school principal, Vannevar Bush, commented in an ABC television interview in early 1955 that young Browning was a very helpful child, especially during faculty shortage crises. "It was just amazing, how Kenneth could convince his fellow students that doubling-up at desks was necessary as part of 'tightening our belts.' Without the boy, the faculty might have had some trouble. He was even appointed crosswalk monitor."

In junior high school and then high school, Browning dated several thousand women, most of them for extended periods of time. One of these women was Annette Funicello, the well-known professional surfer who attempted suicide after being dumped by Browning following a long and torrid affair.

Another romantic interest of the future housing tycoon was Ethel Merman, a local singer. Merman confided in her memoirs, *My Secret Life as Mr. Ed*, that she had often begged him to marry her, but "Ken wouldn't, because he claimed his destiny was manifest, or something like that."



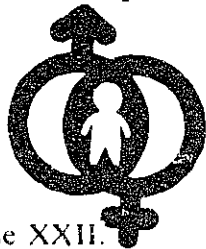
President Ken Browning

During his years at the Institute, Browning was the first undergraduate to encounter overcrowding — his roommate, Gene Brammer recollects, "Yeah, every weekend he'd make me go sleep in the library, saying uhhh, 'three's a crowd, Gene.'"

As business manager, chairperson, and chief honcho in general of the undergraduate newspaper *The Daily Reamer*, Browning was instrumental in expanding the staff and reducing office space, making working conditions "unbearable," according to Chuck Fairbanks, a Student Center janitor.

Shortly after his graduation in 1966, the former crosswalk monitor joined the Dean's Office as Associate Dean for Student Affairs. Soon after he was promoted to Associate Dean for Student Affairs.

Lend a hand...
Birth defects are forever if you help.



This space donated by Course XXII.

Cambridge mayor meets maker

By David Baltimore

Former Cambridge Mayor Alfred Vellucci died yesterday afternoon from an unknown bacterial infection.

Vellucci reportedly fell ill soon after touring the laboratory of Professor of Biology Nathan Detroit two days ago. Detroit has recently announced his intentions to begin P3 recombinant DNA research.

"I can't understand it, I wasn't working with anything more dangerous than you'd find in an MIT dining service meal," Detroit asserted.

It was reported that Vellucci did trip over one of the unknown organisms crawling across the floor, however, he appeared unhurt until collapsing several hours later.

He was immediately hospitalized at Browning

Hospital, where doctors were unable to determine the cause of the illness.

Representatives for the hospital were unavailable for comment due to many unexplained deaths among hospital personnel.

Cambridge Health Commissioner Gene Brammer claimed that Vellucci's infection was "completely unrelated" to the recent wave of deaths among MIT employees.

The cause of the employee deaths was also uncertain, but all those involved had eaten meals in Lobdell dining hall.

When asked why no MIT students fell ill, Brammer noted that "after what they've eaten for the last few months, nothing could hurt them now."

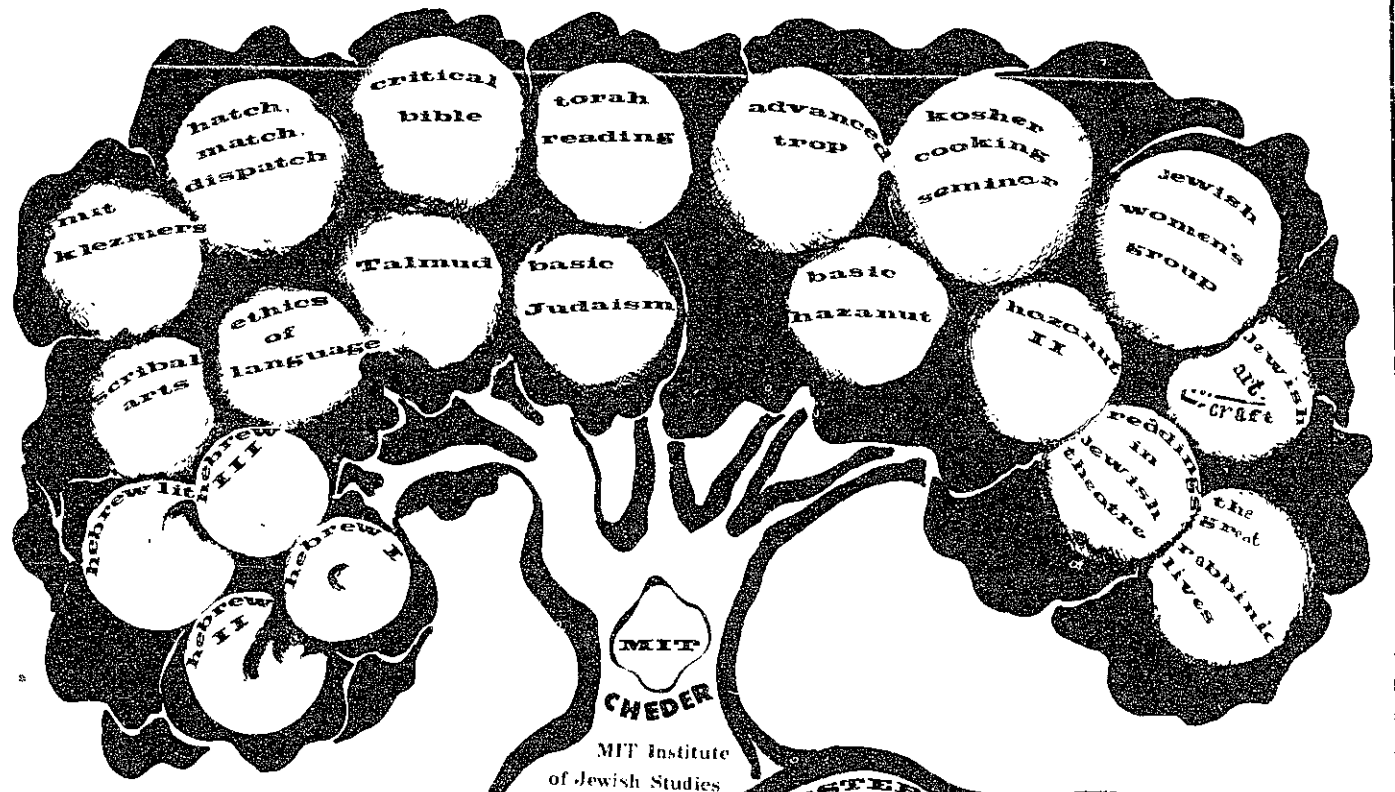
Provost Carola Eisenberg attributed the student's resistance to the special cloning program

started by President Ken Browning. "He was trying to alleviate the critical MIT housing shortage, which troubles us all so greatly, by developing students that could exist in two cubic feet of living space."

Eisenberg would not comment on the possible effects on this plan of the 6-foot cockroaches that have been infesting MIT dormitories recently except to note that "we always encourage students to meet new friends and explore new experiences."

Representatives from the MIT Biohazards Committee claimed that the cockroaches definitely came from Harvard laboratories. When asked for comment, MIT Director of Admissions Peter Richardson stated that "as long as they meet our rigorous admissions standards, I can see no objection."

This is for real. This is for real.



Classes will begin the week of February 7th. Register beforehand at the Hillel office (312 Memorial Dr.).

You can also register in the Dupont Lobby (near the athletics desk) on MIT registration day — Feb. 2nd or in Lobby 10 on Feb. 3rd.

REGISTRATION 312 MEMORIAL DR. 253-2982

MIT's First Lord Kenneth C. Browning has ordered all of these staffers out of their Institute dormitory rooms and into our offices in the Student Center, Apt. 483. We need warm bodies; no experience necessary. An equal opportunity landlord.



Join the crowd at *The Daily Reamer*

No one really cares what Bernstein says

By Scoop Bernstein

Did you know that the suicide rate at MIT is higher than the next 14 colleges on the "top 15" list? Did you know that 32 people disappeared beneath the surface of the Charles River never to return when they skated into a black hole Sunday? Did you know that India rejected commons food as a way to ease its famine?

Of course not. Nobody reads this column, and it's very depressing. You won't have Big Ed to kick around any more, though, because I'm retiring after this issue (due to lack of personal interest).

**this
is real
shit**

Look, I know it's boring to read 400 words on why Institute administrators are insensitive jerks, because it's something we're all familiar with. But when I write a scintillating piece on why Boston College will never make it to the Orange Bowl, nobody cares.

Do you know why BC will never make it to the Orange Bowl? Well, for one, the Big Eight Conference champion has an automatic bid to bask in the sun and fun in Miami (and play football). For another, the Eagles are a lousy team that never seems to get up for the big game.

If you'd read this brilliant section two months ago, you'd know that. But you don't. Did you know that while half the country freezes due to a shortage of natural gas, New England is safe, protected by Dining Service's insistence on serving "only the best?" Nah, I doubt it. Does anyone care about Hank Finkel (the Celtics' center between the Cowens and Russell eras)? Uh, uh.

Not even Hank's mother cares, and you know why? Because she doesn't read *The Daily Reamer*.

Jimmy Carter got elected to the nation's second highest office (behind Ken Browning), but he doesn't care about whether Transparencies' "pleasure spike" has claimed another victim. Right. He doesn't read *The Daily Reamer*.

Not reading *The Daily Reamer* is not only unpardonable, it's dangerous. If you knew that half the freshman class was composed of leaked recombinant DNA experiments, you might worry. Then again, based on what we got this year, you might not.

To make a long, boring column a little longer and more boring, I'm quitting. I'm supposed to fill this space every week, but as of now, forget it. Matter of fact, I'm not even going to finish

(Editors note: The Daily Reamer had planned to print an editorial cartoon by Mike Peters which some might interpret as being slightly critical of MIT Associate Dean for Student Affairs Kenneth Browning '66. We were not permitted to continue with this course of action because of threats against certain members of The Daily Reamer editorial board, which were issued by certain well-known operatives for the omniscient power-broker. We regret the inconvenience.

Will anybody read this crap?

By William Lasshole

He sits at his desk, ready to create another column brilliantly analyzing the workings of American politics, perched to decipher the foibles of the nation's leaders, willing to risk the wrath of millions in his quest for truth and better government.

But, to his dismay, no one reads what he writes. He walks the streets of Cambridge, listening to one citizen after another criticize his work. "Did you read my column today?" he would ask, and he would hear only "Are you kidding?", or, worse yet, "Yes, but it really sucked."

The people of MIT and the nation have been struck by reader apathy when it comes to this asinine column which has appeared at various intervals since last September. While political experts were obsessed during the fall campaign with describing the disinterestedness of the American voter, it is clear that the real problem is one of boredom and general nausea created by columnists who take paragraphs to say mere words, pages to say mere sentences, and weeks to say absolutely nothing.

A corollary to the crisis, but not the cause, is the issue of writer apathy. Because no one reads his rampages, the political writer has come not to care about his work. He loses all pride in his artform, becomes disgusted and dispondent, and sinks into fits of depres-

sion. His writing becomes word after word of interminable drudgery; he insists upon repeating everything he says at least three times, emphasizing his points, highlighting his statements, underscoring items of interest with his redundancy.

This reporter is one of these men. Frankly, I am sick and tired of spending hours and hours at my typewriter trying to come up

with pearls of wisdom which nobody cares about. God, it's upsetting. Sometimes I get the impression that I have no readers at all — but I soon come to my senses and realize that the thousands of hate letters and bomb threats I receive must come from someone.

Well, to hell with you bastards, I say. Go get your political information from *Time* or *Newsweek* for all I care. Go read Dave Broder or Jim Reston. See if you can find my kind of thought-provoking commentary in the writings of Tony Lewis. See if you can discern the type of upper-class humor and dry, biting satire I produce in the likes of Art Buchwald or Russ Baker. Go ahead, shmucks, read the *New*

York Times or the Washington Post. See if I give a damn. No, I haven't been drinking. You'll see what you'll be missing. Never again will I sit up at night creating 500 words out of nothing just so you have something to read during that boring 8.01 lecture. Never again will I give you bits of historic trivia that you can use to impress your date — if you can find one — while you're

political sputum

waiting for the movie to start. How many relationships would have broken up if I hadn't been there to supply you with tidbits like the fact that Winston Churchill once urinated on the first German tank to cross the Rhine. (By the way, did you know that Tom Jefferson said to the United States "urination!" on July 4, 1776?) Being a political writer is a little like being Vice-President — the job John Nance Garner once described as being "not worth a bucket of warm piss."

I should get out of your lives soon, however, before I am described as a perpetrator of yellow journalism. Go screw yourselves, I say. Don't rely on me anymore. I'm pissed off. I quit.

fedup

Stupid letter-writers flame on

To the Editor:

What, indeed, is the Avant-Garde? I don't know, but as leader of the Spanish-American op art intelligentsia Juan Fangio Guggenheim once said, "Art is anything you want it to be."

In the vast history of modern art, very few patrons (especially the New York "robber barons" of the East Side scene) have understood the basic crap that this so-called art form appears to take after. What is this religious mystic appeal that has so many "knowledgeable" critics genuflecting in deep repose before pieces of scrap metal reminiscent of Dresden after the war?

If my distinguished yet confused adversary Mr. Hungover cannot understand that the "masterpieces" perpetrated upon an unwitting, easily misled public by such "artists" as Nevelson, Moore, and Fuller are purely rip-offs of the highest class, than he appears to be further gone than the most diligent Student Center tool mindlessly fondling his slide rule.

Oh, for the shame that we must feel for not being able to understand, to revere the spatial fluidity and sententious charisma of Reclining Figure. I'll bet ten to one that my esteemed yet bewildered counterpart cannot tell me what "spatial fluidity" or "sententious charisma" means. As artistic journalist *par excellence* Jann Wenner once said, "the words don't matter as long as you've got the beat."

Mr. Hungover, let us philistines stew in the murk of our ignorance a bit longer. Do not force us to

(Please turn to page 5)

To the Editor:

I would be grateful to Roger Kold or anybody else if they could point out to me where in any of my previous letters I said anything that anybody found remotely interesting, provocative or intelligent.

Certainly one may dislike a letter, but one must first understand it before one dismisses it as irrelevant or downright stupid. The greatest letters of all time — John Adams to his wife, Abigail, for example — were not immediately accepted by even the intellectual elites of the day. The reader who rejected these letters on first inspection — a perfectly understandable response — would be guilty of extreme but perhaps lovable arrogance if he refused to attempt a second reading.

It is no more possible for me to make my views clear in modern English than it would have been for Julius Caesar to publish the accounts of his campaigns in ancient Sanskrit. Would you rather I sent in the complete score of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* for publication in your newspaper?

This letter — and all the ones I have previously submitted — is not susceptible to translation into a form which does not lull the reader to sleep before the second paragraph. Before I came to my senses, I thought that the MIT community actually *liked* reading these submissions. After reading the commentaries of such well-known literary critics as Peter Coffee, I have been brought to the inevitable conclusion that my material is simply unappreciated and unwanted. MIT students are supposedly open

(Please turn to page 5)

**The
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Reamer**

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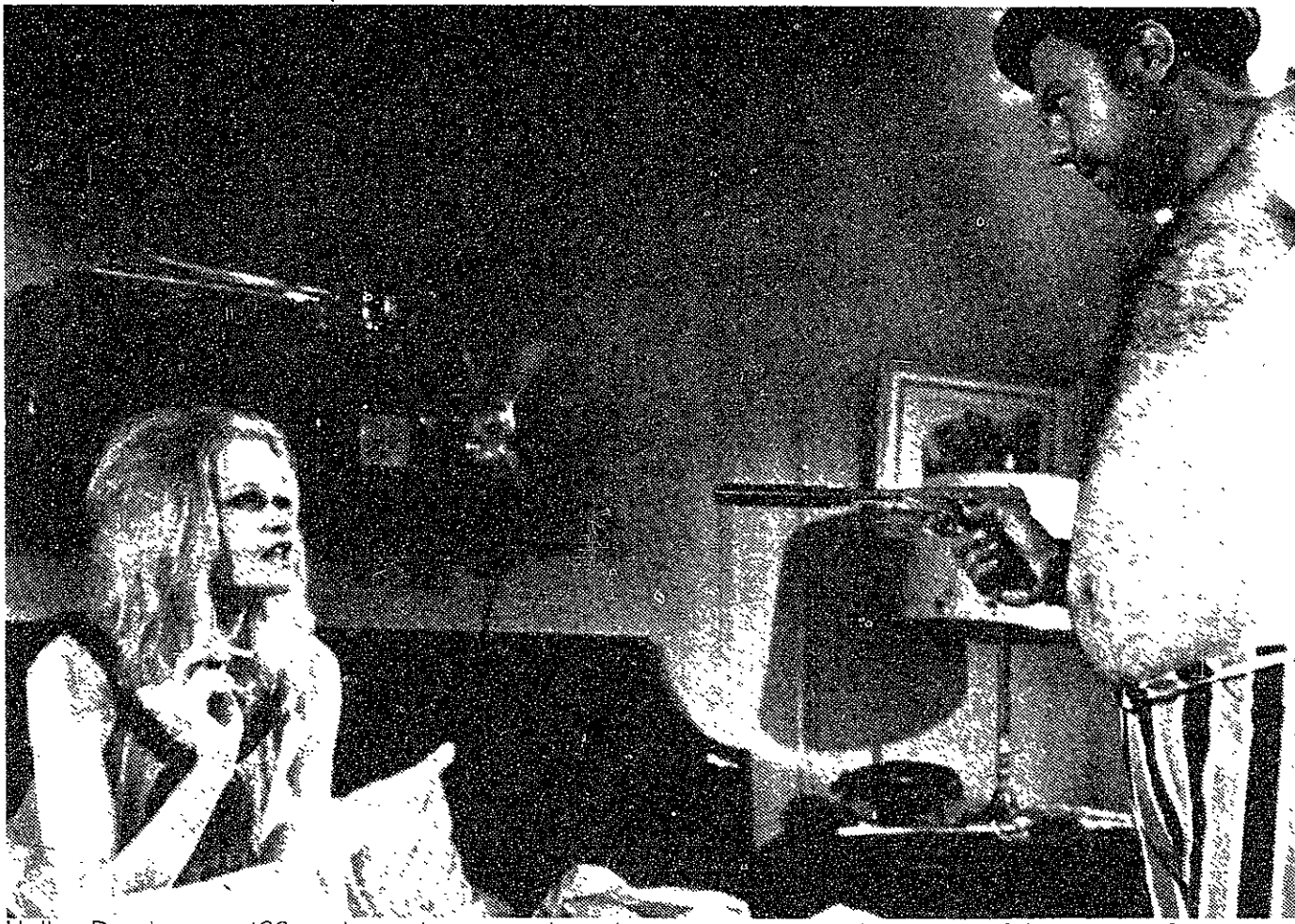
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Holly Dershawitz '69 voluntarily surrenders her demonstrated his successful strategy of a combination of persuasion and persuasion. Meehan commented that this act

New techniques aid fund drive

By Tom Spastic

Contributions to MIT's Leadership Campaign increased in the last quarter of 1976, President Ken Browning announced Tuesday.

"We decided to try some new techniques this year," Browning explained. "Our fundraisers are really getting the alumni to put out for us."

Holly Dershawitz '69, noted Boston "entertainer," told *The Daily Reamer*, "I'm happy to ap-

ply my talents for the dear old 'Tute. I haven't had this much business since the last time you fellows had a staff party."

"I wish all the alumni would come across like Holly. If they did, we would have no trouble meeting our needs," Browning quipped.

Interviewed in his plush, furlined Cadillac, Ira "Stick" Meehan, new chairman of the fund drive, refused to take any

credit for the drive's success to date. "My girls have really thrown themselves into this project, they've been burning up the streets to help Tech meet its goal. Watching them has been a little piece of heaven for me."

Wellesley President Barbara Newell was not available for comment on the allegation that she had been intimately connected with Meehan before she became the president of the small suburban girls' school.



**Reamer
classies
really
work!**

"That's how I got my job."

Police Blotto

Word misspelled

A word was misspelled in a recent edition of "Police Blotto," a spokesman for the Campus Patrol announced yesterday. The word was not identified.

Sentence fragment found

The Campus Patrol Officer who normally composes the Blotto for *The Daily Reamer*, awakening one morning last week to find that he had written what amounted to a sentence fragment in one of the items.

Service Announcement

The Campus Patrol warns all MIT students against use of the word "who" when the word "whom" is called for. One undergraduate whom was caught writing the sentence, "He called the man who I have spoken to," was given an official warning.

Item Confusing

A Blotto item was very confus-

ing because it contained a dangling modifier, a police officer discovered. He issued an apology for the error, which appears in this column.

Item boring

This Police Blotto item is really dull, does not hold the reader's attention and should not be here to begin with.

Item outstanding

A Blotto item three months ago was described as "outstanding" by a certain member of *The Daily Reamer* editorial board. The student said that the article "read clearly, was interesting and, for a change, was written in English."

Headlines repetitive

The last three headlines in this column began with the word "item" and ended with a gerund. This shows a lack of creativity on the part of the author.

Sailors may have more fun, but



Submariners do it deeper.

Dive in and get a piece of the action.

Call **NROTC** at **x5-SANK**



Moja D Nika, courtesy The Salty Dog Mag

The MIT Folk Sweat Club

"Boy, it's hot in here."

—Joan of Arc

This is the motto of the MIT Folk Sweat Club, and we invite you to come see us prove its truth. We jerk spasmodically, at festivals and any other time we get together. We are not restricted to merely standing around in small hot damp steam rooms smelling bad, but rather we come together as often as possible in large hot damp gyms and we stink... but let's not be unpleasant. In fact, our meetings have one main purpose — to sweat like pigs — and every Sunday night a large group from all over New England meets to do just that. Half of the evening is reserved for simple perspiring, interspersed with instruction, and the other half is spontaneously arranged for whatever we feel like doing. We pride ourselves in having the lowest rate of spontaneous combustion of any activity on campus, and our members may frequently be seen frolicking gaily, wrapped in the carcasses of dead water buffalo.

arts



Lon Gedangle '77 stars in the Musical Theater *Town*. Also shown are Daphne Bigalow '79 and Gild's new production of *Hot Rod Harry Comes to* Mary Hartman '79

New humanities seminar offered

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The Humanities Department has announced that a new seminar, "The Cinematic Experience," will be offered this term, in order to accommodate the rising student demand for meaningful humanities curricula. Classes will be conducted in the evenings on weekends, so that as many students as possible may register without conflicts. Classes will meet in 26-100 and in Kresge at times to be announced. Topics covered will include: the psychology of the cinema audience; dyslexic slide projection; spontaneous, vocally creative methods of film criticism; the politico-socio-economic-religio-technological ramifications of exposure of scientifically oriented groups to a wide variety of entertaining films; the long term effects of viewing unfocused, anamorphic images; as well as a far-reaching exploration of human goals, values, and experiences. Some of the films to be viewed, and their related discussion topics, are: *Family Plot*; the breakup of the nuclear family unit and its effect on the American way of life; *Casablanca*; historical

origins of World War II proto-resistance movements in northern Africa; *Murder on the Orient Express*; anarchist terrorism on early twentieth century continental transportation; *Gone With The Wind*; the structural deficiencies of the John Hancock building; *All The President's Men*; increasing the efficiency of high level government; *Dark Star*; Projected trends in artificial intelligence, practical astronomy, and improvements in vehicle deceleration methods; *Take the Money and Run*; career options for the sloan school graduate; *Yellow Submarine*; military applications of rock music; *The Lion in Winter*; hibernation and other wonders of the animal kingdom; *Taming of the Shrew*; domestication and other wonders of the animal kingdom; *The Wind and the Lion*; predictive meteorology and other wonders of the animal kingdom; *Harold and Maude*; adolescence, old age, and related disorders; *Some Like It Hot*; problems with Commons meals, and related disorders. Enrollment will be limited, but another section may be held in 54-100 if interests demands.

Finesse draws out new porn king

By Charles Goren

The most brilliant pornographic movie I have ever seen, *Deep Finesse* is the story of two bridge players who find love and happiness during a bridge game. The actors, Leila Blackwood and Mark Yarborough, work their

way through two rubbers before climaxing their match victory.

Blackwood, who is sure to win her way into the hearts of millions throughout porndom, plays a sleazy prostitute whose weakness is playing bridge for profit and pleasure. She turns her tricks with

enthusiasm usually lacking in beginners. In one unforgettable scene, a man bids for her services and soon discovers it was the luckiest day of his life, as lovely Leila blows his mind with a grand slam.

Yarborough, who has never been in pictures before *Deep Finesse*, meets the pretty, young lady of the evening in Central Park one day when he looks up from reading the daily bridge column. Leila winks at him, and Yarborough picks up the cue, bidding to find out more about this unconventional lass. He finds out about her in spades, which suits him fine.

Back at Leila's pad, Mark scores big; he is especially turned on by her vulnerability. Soon the film takes a sadomasochistic turn for the better when Leila brings forth her collection of whips and clubs.

But in the end, the girl shows herself to be a true professional. She calls for the money, Yarborough takes the contract, and goes down.

Back at his own apartment, Mark, a very lonely man, is forced to play bridge with an inflatable girl doll. During the exciting play that follows, he is first on the dummy and then switches to his own hand. But Mark cannot help but think of Leila, of how he bid to have her, and of how she made a pass at him.

NORTH	
♠	J 10 9 6
♥	5
♦	A K J 3
♣	K J 7 5
WEST	EAST
♠	8 4
♥	A J 8 4
♦	9 7 6
♣	8 4 3 2
SOUTH	
♠	A K Q 7 5 3 2
♥	3
♦	5 4 2
♣	A 6

It should be an easy four spades for North-South in one of the most erotic hands from the movie *Deep Finesse*, in which Mark Yarborough gets a good split from Leila Blackwood

"Punctuation for all occasions."

INTERNATIONAL ASTERISK AND AMPERSAND

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TDM

*You are cordially invited
to the official spontaneous*

TUITION RIOT

*commencing at the Great Sail
at eight o'clock in the evening
the third of February
in the year of the Institute
One Hundred Sixteen*

Dress is not required.

*The courtesy of a reply
is not requested.*



Wanted

for high crimes
and misdemeanors.

Phil Moore

REWARD

offered for his capture: one term in an uncrowded
double. If you have any information, please call
Ken at 253-6776.

Cambridge city councilors may ban P3 boring stories

Several prominent news writers for *The Tech* have threatened to leave Cambridge forever if the Cambridge City Council does not permit P3 boring news stories in the city.

P3 boring stories — P3 denotes a class of boring articles that is defined by the National Institutes of Ennui (NIE) and is never properly explained anywhere — involve the linkage of thoughts from different sources that results in a totally trite product.

Opponents of boring stories claim that they fail to get to what the story is about until the fifth paragraph, and therefore pose an unknown health hazard.

Those supporting the articles claim many benefits — they provide needed sleep to insomniacs, do not excite those prone to high blood pressure, and should provide vital insights into the mechanism of the crippling disease chronic halitosis.

Bill Lasshole, Editor-in-Chief of *The Tech*, complained that "*The Reamer* didn't use my quote until the fifth paragraph, so I'm taking my redundancy elsewhere."

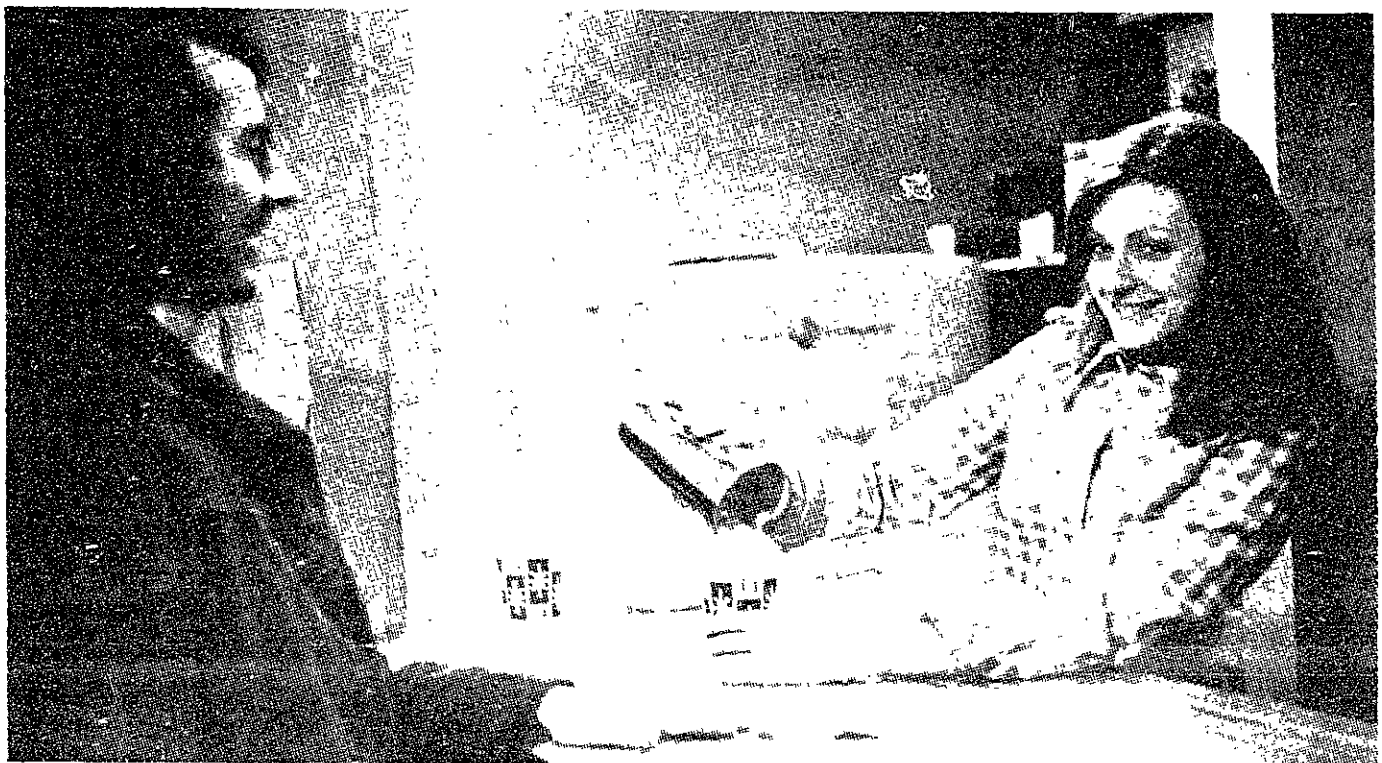
Mark Flames, who has planned several major boring stories in the near future, commented that "the

risks have been greatly exaggerated, since no one reads them anyway."

Constantine Simonides, Special Assistant to Chancellor Ken Browning, said that he was not worried about the situation, since Cambridge's new mayor Ken Browning has stated that he intends to permit the research soon after assuming full dictatorial power later this month.

The Tech Arts Editor Katy Grope, when asked if she planned to do P3 stories, replied "hee, hee, hee, hee, hee hee hee."

In an unrelated development, Harvard President Derek Bok died yesterday, after reading a political column in a local student newspaper.



Is the popularity of dormitory snack bars based on good food and service, or certain unadvertised "extras"? Next week, *The Daily Reamer* begins a

series investigating the "quickie" snack rackets and what kind of service they *really* provide



Ask Beck

Dear Beck:

Um, gee, let's see. I'm confused. I've got this problem with my buddies at work. First, we all used to be such great pals. And then, they kicked me out of my office and made me move all the way across the street into a building where the air conditioning works in the winter and the heat works in the summer and where there are strange people living in the fifth floor library. They called it a promotion and said I would have more fun but when my old friends went away to Talbot House they didn't take me with them and I was wondering what I should do about my problem.

Bobby H.

...Nonsense about sex

Dear Exiled:

Some boys seem to reach adolescence sooner than others. Believe me, your friends are just going through a stage in their lives. Have sympathy with them — soon you too will be struggling with emotions you can't control.

As for them not taking you to Talbot House, be happy; some of the things they do up there aren't suitable for youngsters like you.

Beck

Dear Beck:

I have a problem. I am very young and just learning about my creative impulses. I like to draw and paint and especially make sculptures. Just because I'm not very good, even my friends tell me I shouldn't do it. But I like doing

it, and besides, my analyst says it's good therapy. I made one sculpture out of my father's old car and some bullies covered it up with snow. How can I get people to understand me and my sculptures?

Unappreciated

Dear Unappreciated,

Your problem is indeed unusual. I have ordinarily told girls in this column to be themselves, but you might be an exception. Maybe you should try to channel your creative impulses into less antisocial avenues, such as finger-painting. If this doesn't seem to work, perhaps you should seek professional help from Ken Browning.

Beck

The Daily Reamer is happy to report that no suicides occurred yesterday, and that this box, instead of being filled with information about someone's taking of his own life, could be filled with happier information, to wit, why did the chicken cross the basketball court? *Because he heard the referee was blowing a foul.*



Wazoo Hardware Co.

"We have your screw"

MBA'S There's banking, and there's Shittybanking.

Campus Interviews June 11, 1978

We think we're one of the worst banks around. The working environment really sucks. We're looking for stupid MIT graduates. If you're one of those persons, you're the perfect sucker for us.

Operating Group

We don't even know what "operating group" means. We bet you don't either. If you're willing to work in a department in which no one knows what to do, we're for you.

World Corporation Group

Korean, Lockheed scandals, international extortion and blackmail. Shittybank does it all. Our motto: "If it's illegal, we're in charge of it." Looking for excitement, willing to risk a few years in the slammer? WCG is for you.

Consumer Services Group

How about a soft, cushy job which pays well and requires no work at all? You think we do anything that even remotely resembles "Consumer Services"? Most trainees will spend 3-6 months reading the newspaper and playing bridge all day, then will be allowed to do the crossword puzzles and keep score.

Comptroller's Division

Comptroller's division is the perfect place for an MBA with a background in mathematics. You see, our comptroller

can't divide (or even multiply). It's hard for him to complete the books each year. He can't even operate a modern pocket calculator. Can you do arithmetic? Candidates who have completed a two-year assignment are hauled away to the funny farm and retired.

Corporate Management Support Department

Shittybank also owns an athletic supporter company, which supplies jocks to all our top executives when they play in the annual company football game. Within 12 to 24 months, it's expected that you could move up to controlling the manufacture of underwear, protective cups and hernias.

Finance Division

This is our toughest and most selective department, because it's where the money is. Upwards of \$500,000/year is nothing at all to people in this group. Money, money, money for all you greedy MIT undergraduates. Who said you can't take it with you? At least you can try. No vacations, 20-hour work-days, no lunch-hours, just cash, cash, cash. If you're a money-hungry SOB, you'd be particularly interested in this division.

Shittybank representatives will be visiting your campus in their new Rolls-Royces on the date above. Contact your placement office to arrange an interview appointment and to obtain more information. If you're ashamed to meet us in public, please forward a resume, specifying the amount you want to make per year, to

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Mr. Ken Browning, Personnel Officer, College Recruiting (Salary: \$1 million)
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sports

SAE blitzes LCA in IM warfare ; casualties heavy in tough battle

Led by George S. Patton, Jr. '80 Sigma Alpha Epsilon (SAE) defeated Lambda Chi Alpha (LCA) 56-42 in intramural warfare Saturday afternoon on Briggs field.

Patton directed two divisions in an invasion of the field from the Westgate parking lot while teammate Omar N. Bradley '79 created a diversion by parading 14 battalions past a reviewing stand in front of the Amherst Alley side of MacGregor House.

Killed in the rough-and-tumble match was LCA General Erwin "Asphalt Fox" Rommel '77, who suffered multiple fractures of the ribs when struck by one of his own players' hand grenades.

SAE roared back from a 14-0 deficit when 6'2" Ivan Bonaparte '73 scored three points with a

beautifully executed enfilade followed by a perfect flanking maneuver to make the score 14-10. From that point on, the defending champions were not to be stopped, rolling up point after point and inflicting casualty after casualty on their opponents.

"We would have won had the weather not been so bad," LCA acting-Lieutenant Horatio Hornblower '93 moaned. "I just couldn't break through the ice with my frigates and sloops, and couldn't come to the rescue of the cavalry in time."

LCA President Franklin Delano Roosevelt '45 bestowed the purple heart on the young Hornblower, who was injured by shrapnel fire in the first quarter. "We're looking forward to a great future for Horatio," he said.

boasting that "Hornblower could even be an admiral some day."

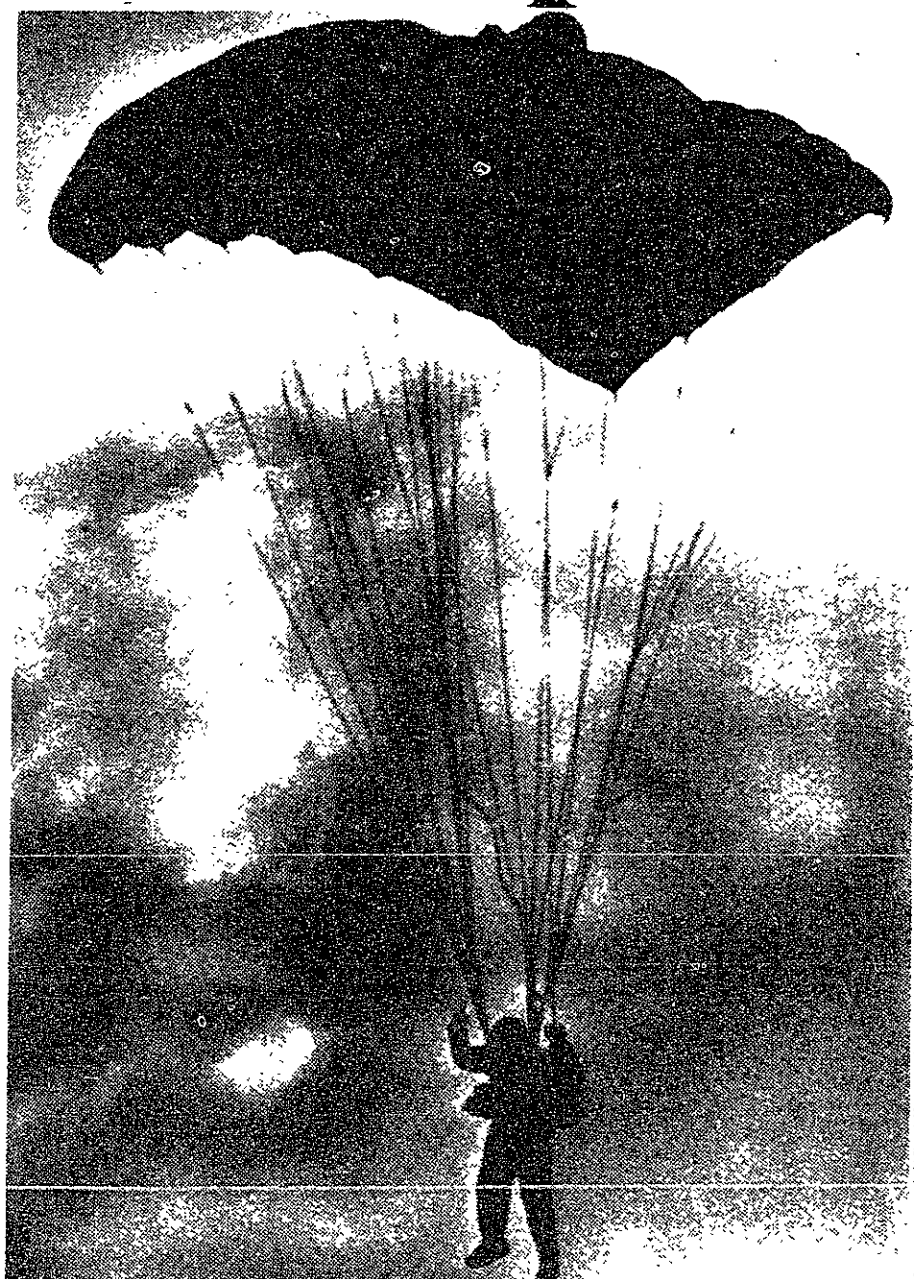
Denying charges by SAE officials that his fraternity was guilty of "rolling up the score" in the final period, Roosevelt asserted that "sure, we killed 93 soldiers after we had the contest wrapped up, but that's life. If they don't like it, let them join C-league."

At one point in the second half, IM referee Benjamin Franklin '50 stopped the action and assessed LCA with a fifteen yard penalty for "roughing the panzers" and then ordered promising LCA Private Eddie Slovik '80 shot for desertion.

In D-league action, McCormick defeated the combined 101st Airborne-Electrical Engineering club in a tight defensive battle, 5-2.

sporting notices

Boston Red Sox General Manager Dick O'Connell announced yesterday that the club had finalized a working agreement for the next season with the Wazoo (Mich.) Professional Baseball Club, Inc.



Private Bill Westmoreland '80 drifts down behind the LCA lines as part of SAE's successful attack on enemy fortifications Saturday. Westmoreland fell casualty to LCA machine gun fire, but his comrades were able to endure, picking up 2 points in the successful



LCA Private Eddie Slovik '80 expresses dismay at having been told he must make the supreme sacrifice during IM Warfare Saturday afternoon.

Roundup

Rifle captures trophy

The MIT Rifle Team captured the prestigious Gary Gilmore Marksmanship Trophy last month in a meet at Point of the Mountain, Utah. John Moorar, coach of the riflemen, said that the squad's stamina and determination were outstanding, and the execution flawless.

Due to lack of interest, this spring's IM Sex schedule has been canceled, announced Associate Dean for Extramarital Affairs Holly C. Heine.

The Athletic Department announced yesterday that MIT's school colors have been changed from cardinal and silver to brown and brown. Acting Athletic Director Kenneth C. Browning '66 also declared that the school's nickname has been changed from Engineers or Beavers to "The Big Brown."

Boston Celtics general manager Red Auerbach surprised the world of sports yesterday when he named MIT basketball coach Francis C. O'Brien head coach, succeeding the recently dismissed Tommy Heinsohn, under whose direction the club has been suffering through its worst season in years. O'Brien told *The Daily Reamer* that "I'll miss the Institute, but, shit, it was an offer I couldn't pass up."

The Daily Reamer sportswriter Dave Dodo swept all the major prizes in the first IM sportswriting tournament. Dodo's recent series of track articles has drawn nothing but accolades from the most discerning of editors and publishers, including Ben Bradlee, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, and Glenn Brownstein. Dodo is 21.

Despite hard conditions, the women's Sailing Team blew past Dartmouth and Wellesley Sunday on the Charles River in the first winter regatta in the group's history. One team member noted that she had been stuck in the ice for four hours before cutting herself free. She still managed to capture fourth place in the event.



Fans watch *Bacillus subtilis* take an early lead in difficult viewing conditions. The *subtilis* team went on to defeat Recombinant and will face *Salmonella* in tomorrow's playoff. The event drew many spectators despite the

Campus Crusade for Christ

"Bring your own nails"

April 8, 1977

Meet in Lobby 7 for procession